

## Dreamland-Prologue

by Kira

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Summary: A FFXVII/VIII story about the past, present, and future of the planet.

## Dreamland-Prologue

Dreamland

>By: Akira Starr<br>

>Author's Notes:<br>This is a re-write of a fic I wrote to keep me occupied in class during my freshman year. I found it recently and re-read it, after finding out the beginning notebook was missing. I decided to rewrite the whole thing, adding a twist. And since I have been playing Final Fantasy VIII, I decided to add those characters as well, even though I'm only on the second disk. I'm sorry if the characters aren't exactly true; this is just my interpretation of them. I don't own any of the characters, so please don't sue me. Well, enjoy!

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>Prologue - The Shin-ra Corporation<br>

>Three Years Before the Present<br>

> President Shinra sat behind his desk, face focused down on a pile of paper work. Most of it would be passed off to the directors under him, some he would keep to deal with himself. Currently, he was reading over a report pertaining to a group of rebels in Sector 3. Smiling, he looked over to the young Turk who acted as his bodyguard and lifted up the paper. <br>

>"Read this," he said to her, handing over the report. "Then get Mr. Banon and Tsang up here please."<br>

>"Yes, sir," she replied, taking the paper and quickly skimmed over it. Finished, she placed it on his desk and swiftly walked out of the large office, headed for the 67th Floor. Instead of the elevator, she jogged down the stairs, full of teenage energy. The 67th Floor held all the directors' offices, just the place to go to get who she was looking for. Mr. Shinra disliked calling for people on the phones, but she had a feeling it was a ploy for him to get some time alone. She was around him until he slept, and even then, someone was always outside his door.<br>

>She reached the door to Tsang's office and opened it, knowing his secretary would let her into the inner office. Indeed, there sat Xue, up to her eyes in paperwork. The short, brown hared woman never had a chance to herself, as the Turks were always receiving assignments, and she was the one who decided which one should come first, and so on. She was the real brains behind them, the bodyguard thought, not the one who carried out the missions. It took more to decide things and plan them than to follow instructions and pull a trigger. Though she herself was a Turk, the bodyguard was an in house Turk, guarding the president and so on. The others, they actually went out on the missions. <br>

>There was a silent war going on between the two groups. <br>

>The bodyguard walked up to Xue and smiled her best fake smile (as she didn't smile much on her own) and spoke. "Is he free, Xue?" she asked. The secretary jumped, almost knocking papers off her desk. She was, indeed, a bookworm at heart.<br>

>"Oh! Miss Rion, you suprised me! Yes, he's free, just go right on in!" she exclaimed, then returned to her work, trying to straiten out what was knocked about in her supprise. Contented she was done talking with Xue; she walked in the office. <br>

>It wasn't empty. <br>

>Her semi-rivals, the field Turks, sat in the office, discussing a recent job. Their conversation paused as she stood in the doorway, the door open behind her. <br>

>"Mr. Shinra would like to see you," she said directly to Tsang, as if the others weren't in there. He nodded and motioned for the others to leave as he got up from his desk. <br>

>"You're very impersonal, did you know that?" Tsang commented before passing her. She smiled, taking it as a complement. Turks were supposed to be impersonal. She closed the door, brushing past him, almost flirting. <br>

>"I just follow orders," she replied, and left him to make it to the top floor office alone. She had yet to retrieve Mr. Banon. <br>

>Yet she never got there. <br>

>Instead, she started running back towards the president's office as intruder alarms blared around her. Up the stairs, through the doors - there was someone there, holding a gun on the president while one of the Turks tried to negotiate with him. Miss Rion sighed and walked behind him, a certain red headed man with cool blue eyes. She wasn't going to let her charge get killed because of his incompetence. Aiming, she gave him a few more seconds before firing at the man, a direct hit. The president sighed and wiped his forehead while the body was carried out. He smiled and walked up to his bodyguard. <br>

>"Good job. I must say, your aim has improved," he commented. She smiled, and watched as the room was cleared. <br>

>"I've been practicing. That's more to say about those others," she added, looking towards the door. <br>

>"Yes, they don't have much practice, most of their fights are hand to hand," Shinra replied. <br>

>"A weakness, Mr. President, a weakness that will be their downfall,"<br>

>"I know, but what can I do?" <br>

>"It's their own fault, you'll see," And with that, she returned to her post, and the President returned to his desk.<br>

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End

file.